"HE!"

'Twas at college first I met him,
There competing for a prize;
And he gave his deep oration,
All his soul within his eyes.

'Twas a masterpiece, in Latin,
Full of feeling, fire and thought,
Rich with wild poetic fancies,
Through the phrases interwrought.

And his proud young face shone on me,
And his clear young voice rang loud,
Leaving in my ear an echo
O'er the plaudits of the crowd.

Thus I listened, thrilled, enraptured,
Hung on every ringing tone,
Till the heart within my bosom
Beat for him, and him alone!

On my breast I wore his colors,
Love's sweet tribute to his fame;
And while thinking of him ever
To my heart I called his name.

And we met again—'twas summer—
I had waited long and well.
I was down beside the seashore
Stopping at the Grand Hotel.

Seated all alone at dinner,
Wrapped in serious thought was I,
When a voice, so deep and tender,
Murmured, "Peach, or lemon pie?"

Then I looked up, pale and trembling;
There "he" stood within my sight,
In a waiter's badge all shining,
And a waiter's coat of white.

He had hired there for the summer,
And his wild, poetic heart
Now was struggling through the mazes
Of a dinner a la carte.

So I turned me coldly from him,
With a sad and sobbing sigh;
After all my weary waiting
All I said was "Lemon pie!"
—*Household Journal.*

Sarah's Tramps

BY GAZELLE STEVENS SHARP.

The girls had been so full of fun and nonsense that morning that it was "as good as a circus" to watch them, unless you chanced to be the victims of some of their mischievous pranks; and it did seem too bad that they two, who had been trying to the nerves and patience of everybody all the forenoon, should have been away in the delightful shade and quiet of the woods when the tramps came, leaving poor, timid Sarah alone, with no one to share her affright.

To begin with, Sissy had upset a pan of milk in the cellar. She had entire charge of the milk that summer, and was carrying a brimming pan to its place, while Rhoda assisted mamma with the after breakfast work up stairs, when she happened to recall Aunt Lizzie's last letter written to congratulate her on her new responsibilities. The part of the letter which did the mischief was the closing sentence:

"I cannot realize that the butter you sent was really made by you, unassisted. How can you be demure enough for a dairy maid? Do you ever forget yourself and turn somersaults with a pan of milk in your hands?"

It was too ridiculous, and before she thought, she was laughing so hard that, as far as that pan of milk was concerned, she might as well have done as Aunt Lizzie had intimated.

They had just finished making the dresses Mr. Brown had given them, dark red calico barred with white lines, and now they were done and on, all the pent up force that had to be held in check while they were being made by hand, carefully, stitch by stitch at a time, for inspection, seemed bound to find vent. They raced about the yard, jumping the bars, crawling under fences and over rustic benches, turning somersaults, dodging around among trees and flower beds, or darting through the shrubbery, turning, whirling, falling, in a turmoil of quick motions, their red dresses and black braided hair making each so like the other's double that you could scarcely tell them apart; and little Hope, looking on admiringly, wished she were large enough to do everything that "Sissy" could.

Just as Mrs. Brown got comfortably settled to the weekly mending, glad to see them innocently amused, she glanced out of the window and saw Sissy standing without support on the very peak of the new barn, and Rhoda but a few feet below her on the scaffolding. Obedient to her summons they came in, demurely enough this time, bringing with them a book agent they had chanced upon as they approached the house. He was a lank six-footer, with blue eyes, bald head, blonde moustache, and the squeakiest of squeaky voices. The girls had become slightly acquainted with him during the spring turn at the academy, where his good natured simplicity, childish egotism and ridiculous attempts to sing tenor because his voice was pitched high, has occasioned them no end of amusement. At the literary society, a few months before, he had clapped the climax of the ludicrous by his delivery of "Bingen on the Rhine" as a select reading. He attempted to enforce his very peculiar rendition of the beautiful poem by frequent awkward gestures which were sure to be a trifle out of time and were invariably followed by his losing his place. And now nothing would do but he must come in and recite it for her mamma who, Sissy insisted, was so fond of that particular piece, and no one else could recite it as he did; said he, tickled with the flattery, gladly consented. Mrs. Brown seeing at a glance what the mischievous girls were about, but unwilling either for his sake or theirs to let him know they were making fun of him, welcomed him kindly, and quietly seconded Sissy's entreaties for the poem.

The girls seated themselves on a low couch behind him, while he faced Mrs. Brown for audience, and with difficulty kept their mirth within bounds, indeed, he did stop once and look around, hearing something suspicious like a giggle. But the girls were as demure as kittens, and all attention, and although he had thought they were laughing at him, the expressions on their faces and a word from Mrs. Brown reassured him, and he continued to the end.

Mrs. Brown made them do penance for this piece of audacity by confining them to the house and to sewing carpet-rags for the rest of the forenoon, and all but repented [illegible] the girls, by no means subdued, insisted on drawing down their mouths and disguising their voices in a ridiculous conversation which they kept up with no intermission but a peculiar hi, hi, hi, which they used as a laugh when they could not hold in any longer, while personating "Josiah and Samantha" and discussing their visits to "Jonesville" with "the old mare and buggy," their trials arising from sewing-machine agents and lightning-rod men, anxiety about "Tirzy Ann" and "Thomas Jefferson," and a thousand and one absurd things poor "Josiah Allen's Wife" never dreamed of; until, in spite of herself, Mrs. Brown laughed till she fairly cried.

And this was only a score of similar days since vacations commenced and Cousin Rhoda had been their guest. There was nothing in the way of amusement that was unusually adventuresome, or tinctured with mischief, that had escaped their notice, and not called for at least a trial, from setting the alarm clock at all hours of the day or night, pinning the sheets together with half a paper of pins or strewing corn cobs in the beds when they did the chamber work, to eating a dozen a piece of half-ripe Siberian crabs, till their mouthes were so puckered that they could not purse up their lips to spit out the tasteless pulp. The girls ment to make the most of their vacations, even regardless of the rest sometimes, though in the main their occupations were more the outgrowth of superabundant life and spirits than from anything malicious in the makeup of either.

Of course there was many and many an hour in all those glorious summer days when they gave themselves up to Nature's influences, and drank in her beauties and rare pleasures with the same abandon that characterized their proceedings; for "Glen Farm" was the most delightful place in the world, and never failing in supplies of pleasure to those who care to search among its stores. But all the long forenoon of that day, not soon to be forgotten by poor Sarah, not the cool woods, with its ferns and sweet wild flowers, nor the little creek rippling through the ravine with frog and minnows, tadpole and crawfish for its inhabitants, not the tiny tow-boat moored by the riverside, nor the grand old bluffs that over-shadowed them across the stream, possessed a single charm to the untractable girls full to overflowing of restless vivacity.

Immediately after dinner, Mr. and Mrs. Brown and little Hope drove off; mamma and Hope to spend the afternoon with Aunt Louise, and ride home with Mr. Brown on his return from the city. After helping Sarah a little about the dinner work, the girls went upstairs, Sissy to write to Christine Kunest, and Rhoda to assist her by looking up doubtful and unfamiliar words in the lexicon; for Christine was a German countess, about Sissy's age, with whom she had become acquainted through a friend of both, who had assisted them in undertaking a correspondence for mutual pleasure and profit, Sissy writing as best she could in German, and the little countess replying in her quaint, broken English.

That pleasant task completed, after a short consultation as to what it was best to do next, they went down stairs, and stopping at the dining room door, where Sarah was ironing, to let her know where they were going, they strolled off to the woods.

The girls were scarcely out of sight before Sarah began to feel nervous. She lived in a constant dread of tramps, for the country was overrun with the that summer. The papers were filled with accounts of their ravages, and even in this quiet neighborhood there were repeated cases of timid women frightened by these bold intruders, and not a few instances of rough handling or even serious injuries.

Scarcely a day passed but one or more suspicious looking individuals crossed the ferry just below the house, and a large part of these made them a visit, begging for food, old clothes, a place to sleep, and sometimes asking for work; respectful enough when the men were at home, but often bold and insolent in their manners, and difficult to get rid of when they found the women alone. Some of them really looked as wretched an forlorn as they professed, and took what was given them gratefully, showering their fervent "God bless you's," upon the family as they went away.

Left alone, Sarah foolishly allowed her imaginations full play and conjured up one of these dreaded visitors at every noise, at the same time recalling all she had ever known or heard of their lawless deeds, and stopping to listen at the slightest sound. The quiet house seemed so strange and lonely in the unusual stillness; each thump of the smoothing irons, as she continued her work, the creaking of a loose blind, even the sound of her own footsteps echoed through the great rooms, making the solitude almost unendurable, while the constant swish of the maple leaves against the window, as the wind swayed the branches, made her start and look anxiously out again, and again to assure herself that that was really all that made a noise so like the approach of some intruder. Glancing nervously out the window for the twentieth time she found her fears about to be realized, for there, within the very dooryard, stood two of the most ungainly men in earnest consultation; their shabby dress, with their slouched hats drawn low over their eyes, the low, eager conversation, interspersed with frequent furtive glances towards the house, the bundles of clothes slung over their shoulders at the end of stout sticks, all proclaimed them the dreaded objects of her fears.

Smothering the screams she could not otherwise suppress by stuffing her handkerchief into her mouth, she bounded past the front door and up stairs just as they stepped upon the porch. As she almost flew to her own room and locked herself into the closet, a loud knocking at the door echoed and re-echoed through the house. Too frightened even to cry, Sarah crouched upon the floor trembling in every limb, weak and helpless as a baby, drawing her breath in short, difficult gasps, and involuntarily straining her ear to hear the unwelcome sound of their entrance, and she had not long to wait

As if aware of the deserted condition of the premises they opened the door and, shutting it with a bang, kicked over the hat-rack and accompanied the crash with boisterous laughter, then in deep, gutteral tones they inquired for the girl they were sure they had seen through the window as they had came up, and who must be somewhere about the house. Suggesting that they "look her up" and suiting the action to the word, they came up stairs, talking in their deep, coarse voices of blood-curdling exploits of the past, and laughing in a way that seemed to chill her very heart's blood as they hinted darkly of other similar deeds to follow in the near future, all the time walking boldly through the rooms, slamming doors, opening and shutting drawers and boxes and knocking the furniture about in a wreckless manner that promised ill for poor Sarah should they discover her place of concealment.

At last they entered her room, and having examined it as they had done the others, they came to the closet door and finding it locked, shook and pounded it savagely, declaring that the girl must be in there, and they would make her show herself or know the reason why, their words, not less than the tone in which they were uttered, which to her in her helpless terror, seemed almost unearthly, were well nigh more than she could bear in silence, and she must have given vent to her feelings in uncontrollable sobs or screams had they not desisted and gone down stairs in search of "grub." Having satisfied themselves they shortly after took their leave, slamming the door behind them and yelling a loud "good bye" as they went out.

Such is the account Sarah gave the girls between her sobs half an hour later when they returned from the woods and found her still crouched in the closet too frightened to stir until some of the family returned; and still later she again repeated the same sad tale to Mrs. Brown, interrupting her account by convulsive weeping for the poor girl was all but distracted by the fright; but it was a much more simple story that good lady listened to a few hours later when all the others had retired and only she with Sissy and Rhoda sat together in the moonlight for their customary "good night" talk, and the girls confessed how they had dressed in boys' cast-off clothing, slipping their dresses on again for concealment, and throwing the boots and hats as far as possible from the back chamber window where they could pick them up when Sarah was not looking. They had made bundles of their dresses and sunbonnets down in the orchard and came back, prowling about the house until sure they had been seen before they entered, and proceeded as best they could to personate a couple of tramps, to have a little fun with Sarah for being so foolish as to be afraid of every man she saw.

Of course, it had turned out more seriously than they had expected, and Sarah's extreme fear and subsequent nervous prostration had been entirely unlooked for, and they were heartily sorry and ashamed and were anxious to do something to make amends, only they never could confess to Sarah and ask her forgiveness, which Mrs. Brown insisted was the first thing to be done, as she easily convinced them after a few minutes' motherly talk.

Hastening to perform the unpleasant duty, not more from a desire to place Sarah in a better condition to get the sleep she so much needed than "to have it over with," they went to her room, assisted by mamma's kiss of encouragement. Rapping at the door and receiving permission to enter, they went in and found her sleepless and nervous and looking so pale and miserable that it made the task they had come to perform a comparatively easy one; and when, instead of angry tears or indignant reproaches, as they had expected, she did not say a word but lay back on the pillow at the close of their account of their afternoon's adventures, her frightened look giving place to one of intense relief, the girls were completely cowed, and, with a humble "good night," slipped away to their own room and silently prepared for bed. After a period of restless tossing, during which both had refrained from speaking, being not yet ready to discuss the subject on their minds, and in no mood to talk of anything else, Rhoda broke the silence by the characteristic remark:

"Why didn't she spunk up and order us out of her room, or say something hateful, or—"

"Do anything but look so wretchedly happy," finished Sissy.

Another pause of a few minutes while the girlish thoughts roamed at will from the topic in question, touching a dozen foreign subjects in as many minutes, and at last reaching one so entirely disconnected with any of the unpleasant parts of the day's proceedings that poor Sarah and her tramps were banished from their minds for the time, at least, and the busy tongues wagged merrily again with their accustomed ease, only pausing to count the strokes as the clock struck the hour, interrupting Rhoda in her account of how, a great many years ago, Aunt Sue, while visiting Aunt Di and Uncle Frank, had dressed up in Uncle Frank's best clothes and gone walking in the twilight with Aunt Di, making, with the aid of a false moustache, such a handsome, dashing, black-eyed stranger, and acting so devoted and lover-like that, as Uncle Frank was away on one of his long business trips, and every one knew Aunt Di had no brother and could not guess, even with the aid of all the village gossips, who it could be—

"Nine, ten, eleven," counted Rhoda, at this crisis of the narrative.

"And ten o'clock is Sallie's bedtime," added Sissy.

"All right," yawned Rhoda; "good night."

"But how about your aunts and the gossips? Aren't you going to finish your story? You've stopped in the most critical part."

"That's all the better—it will sound more natural for my 'to be continued,'" and turning her face to the wall the tantalizing girl stopped her ears with her fingers and, pretending to snore, was soon safe in dreamland, where Sissy was not long following.—*Yankee Blade.*

AMERICAN FIREARMS.

The Manufacture of Breech-Loading Rifles.

Foreign Legations at Washington Keep Pace with All Modern Yankee Inventions—The Result Is that Our Patents Are Adopted or Stolen by Foreign Powers.

It is not generally known that the principal foreign legations in Washington have attached alert military or naval officers, or both, whose business it is to note and report to their respective governments inventions and improvements in ordnance and ordnance stores, says a Chicago *Times* special. These foreign officers visit our many yards and inspect the big guns and projectiles and targets. When the signal service experiments with an improved heliograph, or portable tower, or field telegraph train, or other appliance for increasing or bettering facilities for communication, when ordinary means are impracticable, or undesirable, there is also to be found the foreign military attache. He visits the national small-arms armory at Springfield, and the cartridge manufacturing arsenal at Frankford. He takes notes in the patent office and keeps pace with all modern Yankee inventions and improvements in the matter of rifles, carbines, and revolvers. From the Zalinsky dynamite gun to the movable base Moose cartridge for small arms, now under trial in the United States army, he is on deck every time. It is not surprising, therefore, that American inventions are known and adopted or stolen by foreign powers. In no one respect have we made more notable progress than in the matter of improvement in our breech-loading rifles. In 1861, the United States government bought in Europe about 500,000 rifles and carbines, besides home orders for over a million stand of small arms. In contrast with this immense importation, the following data of American inventions becomes interesting.

THE LEE MAGAZINE BOLT GUN

was patented in 1879. It can be used as a single loader or as a repeater. It claims to obviate all the objections urged against the tubular magazine rifle. Two or more magazines, are furnished with each rifle, and are detachable. Each magazines carries five cartridges and may be carried, charged, either in the cartridge-box, or in the pocket of the soldier. It requires but five seconds to charge a magazine with fresh cartridges. From twenty-five to thirty shots can be fired from this gun in forty seconds. Mr. Borchardt has fired ten shots from the Lee in 12¼ seconds, using two filled magazines. The inventor has fired fifty shots in sixty seconds. The gun weighs when fully loaded nine pounds. The balance of the gun is not changed when it is fired; thus the relative weight which one extremity of the arm bears to the other remains always the same. This gun was stolen by Austria and renamed the Manlicher. The plagiarzed Lee was adopted by Austria, Austria-Hungary, and Belgium; also by Mexico. Denmark adopted the mechanism of the Lee magazine gun with smaller calibered barrel.

The Remington rifle is another well-known American invention. It has received improvements in this country, and is known sometimes as the G. R. Remington, Hepburn-Remington, Remington-Keene, etc. This arm can be used either as a single loader or as a repeater. The magazine is carried under the barrel, thereby enabling it to carry the greatest number possible of cartridges within a given weight and length of barrel. The Remington-Lee carries ten cartridges. The G. R. Remington is a triple-barreled rifle. The magazine Remington is always left at half-cock. It can be brought to the full cock readily and quickly while the arm is being carried to the shoulder and without removing the fingers from the trigger. In this last respect it differs from other magazine guns, which can only be cocked by removing the hand from the trigger. It weighs, fully loaded, 9½ pounds. Mr. Whipple has fired ten shots in seventeen seconds.

Mr. Remington's gun has been adopted by Norway, Sweden, Denmark, the Argentine Republic, China, Egypt, Colombia, and Madagascar. In 1873, a Mr. Mauser made, under the patronage of Mr. Remington, at Ilion, N. Y., a rifle to which the name "Mauser" was given. After the model was completed it was adopted by Germany. The Turkish government has recently contracted with German armories for the manufacture of 550,000 Mauser repeating rifles and necessary ammunition. American manufacturers lose $15,000,000 by this award. Mr. Remington disposed of his interest in the Mauser for $500. The capacity of the Remington armory is ample for the production of one thousand military firearms per day, besides sporting arms, ammunition, sewing-machines, etc. It, with all its franchises, is to be sold at public auction, pursuant to an order of the supreme court of the state of New York, on the 1st proximo.

The Evans magazine rifle is an American invention, the general principal of which is similar to that of the well-known Spencer and Meigs repeater also American arms. Used as a magazine gun, it is fed by the manipulation of a fluted cylinder in the butt-stock. The rifle holds thirty-eight small cartridges, in a magazine running the length of the butt-stock, forming in itself the small of the stock. The motion of the lever cocks the hammer, which is concealed. As the cartridges in the magazine are in separate cells and can not by any possibility come in contact with each other, the premature discharge of any cartridge is impossible. The barrel is 22 inches long; weight, loaded, 9¼ pounds. The Evans can be loaded in half a minute, and twenty-eight shots fired in from fifteen to twenty seconds. It has been adopted by Russia for use in her navy.

The Peabody is a flagrant instance of the practice of foreigners in utilizing American inventions without due credit and proper recompense. A Swiss named Martini derived his breech-loading system from Peabody, and Mr. Henry, of Scotland, united his rifled barrel with it. Hence what is called the Martini-Henry rifle of Great Britain. The Peabody rifle was adopted by the English arms commission after a long series of experiments with different kinds of rifling. It was adopted by the Turkish government after long and exhaustive trials in competition with all the prominent breech-loading rifles of the world. It endured the test of actual experience in war between Russia and Turkey. In Turkey it is called the Peabody-Martini rifle. The Providence Tool company made 600,000 of these rifles for the Imperial Ottoman government. The mainspring of the Peabody breech loader is a coil. There are seven grooves of peculiar shape, with a sharp twist,—one turn in twenty inches. It is not a repeater. It is used in England, Afghanistan, Turkey, and India.

The Burton, Ward Burton, or Burton Lee magazine rifle is the invention of Americans. The magazine is on the side of the rifle, or in the tube below the barrel, as in the Winchester. The magazine holds eight cartridges, and the rifle has the advantage of what is known as the closed bolt action. England has taken this system up.

Mr. B. B. Hotchkiss, an American, exhibited at the centennial at Philadelphia the magazine gun bearing his name. In 1883 he made many changes and improvements in the arm. The magazine carries five cartridges. The weapon is provided with a cut-off to enable the gun to be used as a single-loader, at will of the soldier. It weighs, loaded, 9¾ pounds. Mr. Albee has fired ten shots in fifteen seconds. Twenty-three shots has been fired from the Hotchkiss in one minute. This test was in the presence of a board of officers of the United States army, Maj. Gen. Terry being president of the board. The Chaffee-Reece gun was tested at the same time with equally good results. Both these repeating rifles have been issued for trial in the United States army. One thousand are now in the hands of our troops. The Hotchkiss is in use in China.

The Winchester repeating-rifle, invented and made in Connecticut, was first adopted in Germany by the attempt to convert the Mauser—the regulation arm of that country—into a magazine gun by placing a tubular magazine under the barrel. This conversion is the principle of the Winchester-Henry rifle, and was invented in this country before the Prussians had discarded their Dreyse needle-gun. It may here also be said that Germany and Austria in altering the Mauser to the Manlicher, used machinery made after the drawings of American patents and American inventions. France imported from the United states the plant for making her Lebell Lebell Gras, and Tramond Lebell rifle

Strike Statistics.

According to *Bradstreet's*, the number of strikes and lockouts in the United States during the calendar year 1887 was 884, against 350 in 1886, an increase of 534, or 150 per cent. The number of employes involved in the strikes of 1887 was 340 854, as compared with 448,000 in those of 1886, a decrease of 107,146, or 25 per cent. The number of strikes reported to *Bradstreet's* last year was only about one-quarter the number reported to the national labour bureau at Washington, and the number reported for 1886 was considerably below the official total. It is to be said, however, that the strikes noted by the labor bureau and not by *Bradstreet's* were comparatively unimportant in respect to numbers involved. For the purpose of comparison *Bradstreet's* returns are more valuable than those of the bureau.

According to the former, 542 of last year's strikes, or 63 per cent. of all, involving 211,350 strikers, or 62 per cent. of all, were for higher wages or fewer hours' work without reduction of wages. Of the remainder, 225 strikes, or 26 per cent. involving 77,278 employes, or 23 per cent., arose out of union demands other than wages and hours. There were 68 "sympathetic" strikes,—strikes in support of other strikes,—involving 46,910 employes, or 14 per cent. of all. The remaining 23 strikes, involving only 1 per cent. of the strikers, were from miscellaneous causes not specified.

Thus far lockouts have been included in strikes. To separate them, in 1886 there were reported 10 lockouts, affecting 8,000 employes, and in 1887 20 lockouts were reported, affecting, however, only 46,024 hands. In 1886 4 lockouts succeeded, compelling 59,000 employes to come to terms, and 6 failed, bringing success to 21,000 hands. In 1887 16 lockouts, involving 38,684 hands, were successful; 3, affecting 3,840 hands, failed, and 1 was not ended at the close of the year. In this connection it would be interesting and useful to know how many strikes, with the number affected, were in reality engineered by employers. It is more than suspected that monopolyists, who want to relieve themselves from the odium of exacting extortionate prices, and monopoly common carriers, who can not indulge in lockouts without falling into the clutches of the law, often find means of provoking strikes, and thus accomplish their purposes in such a way as to bring odium upon innocent men. Unfortunately, statistics do not shed much light upon this subject.

Of the large successful strikes of last year, the longest was that of the Philadelphia clothing-cutters, which lasted 70 days, and involved 1,000 persons. The strikes of the rubber-works hands at Preston, Rhode Island, and of the coal-miners at Springfield, Illinois, lasted 60 days each, and involved 1,500 hands each. The largest number involved in successful strikes were 7,500 carpenters in Chicago and 7,000 coal miners in the Monongahela valley.

Of the unsuccessful strikes, two lasted 130 days each—that of the shoe hands of Spencer, Massachusetts (2,000), and that of the shoe hands of Worchester county, Massachusetts (5,000). A strike of 13,000 coke-workers failed at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, after 70 days, as did a strike of 15,000 builders in Chicago after 61 days.

Strikes involving 34,833 hands were still in progress at the close of the year. The most important of these were the strikes of 25,000 Lehigh valley coal-miners, which has already lasted 110 days at the end of the year, and that of 3,500 shoe hands at Rochester, New York, which had been in progress 83 days at the end of the year.

It should be said that these bare figures do not in all cases represent the exact state of facts. For instance, it is not quite true that the 15,000 Chicago strikers in the building trades were completely defeated, nor is it true that the strikes reported as successful were completely so or that the success was substantial or permanent. The figures simply supply a skeleton of fact which requires much of the flesh and blood of explanation to make it a living body of truth.—*Chicago Times.*

BENNETT'S SNOW-SHOES.

They Have a Record of Two Miles in Four Minutes.

To-day or to-morrow, says the Virginia City (Nev.) *Enterprise*, Mr. W. P. Bennett, for many years superintendent of the teams and stages of Wells, Fargo & Co., in the days before we had any railroads, will send east the snow-shoes on which he formerly traveled the Sierras. The snow shoes are of the Norwegian pattern, and are as fine a pair as has ever been seen on the Pacific coast. They are made of white ash and are a little over 10 feet in length. The balance or guide-pole, is also of white ash. The shoes will be shipped from Gold Hill. They go first to Chicago, thence to Toronto, Montreal and other places in Canada, when they will be sent to Norway, Me., and to Niagara Falls. John J. Valentine, head man of Wells, Fargo & Co., on the Pacific Coast, has given orders that the snow-shoes are to be carried free to the east. If they can find any one in Canada capable of running on these Norwegian shoes they will nevermore boast of the Canadian pattern of snow-shoes. On the latter a man clumsily wallows along in the snow, but on the former he skims over it like a bird. Mr. Bennett has had several letters from Canada in regard to his Norwegian shoes. It appears that they there wish to try them on their slides against their toboggans. Let them also try them on snow against their own pattern of snow-shoes.

February 27, 1867, Mr. Bennett made a memorable trip across the Sierra Nevada Mountains on the shoes he is now sending east. He had strapped upon his back Wells, Fargo & Co's., express, and was in a big snow storm for forty-five hours. The snow was 22 feet deep on the two summits of the Sierras. Mr. Jamieson, an old stage man, was with Mr. Bennett on the second summit. When they reached that point the storm raged so furiously that they could not see which way to go. They at last found the telegraph wire, and pulling it up out of the snow followed it for a distance of five miles, making a little over half a mile an hour. In coming up the summit they had thrown away their coats as being too heavy in their exhausted condition, and being now in their shirt sleeves they were almost frozen as they painfully followed the telegraph line. Mr. Bennett kept on till he reached Fresh Pond Hill, where he gave out. Not being able to ride a horse, he was drawn to Sportsman's Hall on a sled. When Mr. Bennett got back to Virginia City from this trip Mrs. John W. Mackay (then Mrs. Bryant and a widow) told him that twenty years from that time his snow-shoes would be thought relics worthy of a place in any museum of curiosities. Twenty years have now elapsed.

The fastest time Mr. Bennett ever made on the shoes he is about to send away, was from the summit down the Kingsbury grade into Lake Valley. The distance is two miles, and he made it in four minutes. However, the snowshoes ran away with him, or he would not have made such time. It was against his will, but when he started he could not stop—could only use his guide pole and hold his own.

For their eastern trip the snow-shoes will be taken to Carson and deposited among the relics kept at the State House.

Where Faith Failed.

Mrs. De Dreamer—I couldn't help running in to see what all this scandalous talk about you means. It was reported at the Faith Cure society last evening that a doctor, a regular doctor, was seen leaving your house yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. De Faith—It is true.

"True! You, who were cured by faith only last month of rheumatism, dropsy, pneumonia, consumption, and paralysis sending out now for a doctor."

"I had to do it. It's a boil this time."—*Omaha World.*

What Jay Gould Wants.

Now it is said that the subject of Jay Gould's visit to Egypt is to buy a large cargo of mummies with a view to using them as railroad ties on his system. He wants something with lasting qualities.—*Pittsburgh Post*

PITH AND POINT.

This is the year when the girls leap and the men fly.—*Puck.*

The railroads are beginning the new year with a bad wreckord.—*Duluth Paragrapher.*

A bad cigar is like the small boy at school—always trying to go out.—*Boston Bulletin.*

The oftener one changes his mind the more frequently he makes a bad bargain.—*Boston Transcript.*

The road to the saloon is like gold in one respect, inasmuch as it is the route of all evil.—*Boston Bulletin.*

The present somehow seems hardly an appropriate time for discussing street sprinkling.—*St. Paul Globe.*

When a man owes a good round sum he sometimes finds it extremely hard to square up.—*New Haven News.*

"Man wants but little here below." But he gets it below zero too often for comfort.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

A Greek wedding ceremony lasts all day, the duration of the divorce ceremony isn't stated.—*Rochester Post Express.*

A little liquor in the average young swell seems to make him a thorough and complete blackguard.—*Mail and Express.*

Of all the vice in the world respectable vice is the worst. And how black it does look when it's found out.—*New York Graphic.*

If you want to get up a subscription for a broken head, just ask a policeman what his clubbing rates are.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Decapitation is sometimes the only remedy for that peculiar disease popularly called "the big head."—*Springfield Republican.*

Things are being changed. They don't come to the man who waits any more. The man who hustles gets 'em.—*Philadelphia Call.*

"A friend in need," is doubtless a good institution, but too many needy friends keep a fellow continually broke.—*The Colonel.*

Of all dark traits that disfigure the human race, that of wishing to belittle or degrade the character of another is the lowest.—*Pacific States Weekly.*

There are men who shudder at the thought of breaking a new year resolution, but spend most of their time breaking more or less of the ten commandments.—*Lincoln Journal.*

A girl who weighs 120 pounds and has $30,000 in her own right, no matter how homely, unattractive or cross-tempered she may be, is worth her weight in gold.—*Boston Courier.*

Leap year is a sort of wild delusion, anyway. The pretty girl has never an use for it, and the homely one is afraid to take advantage of its privileges for fear she will be rejected.—*Somerville Journal.*

Some people are so sanguine in this world that they think they can plant a handful of seed in a snowdrift and gather a carload of strawberries the day after the first thaw.—*Baltimore American.*

The toboggan slide is dangerous to people having "heart troubles;" that is, to old, married and settled people. The youthful among the afflicted can venture down the slide and toil up it with comparative safety.—*Martha's Vineyard Herald.*

The oftpr oposed tax on bachelors, might be appropriately laid if the proceeds should be applied toward the establishment of cooking schools. The bahelors might hope at least to get a part of the usufruct arising from such expenditures.—*Philadelphia Record.*

A Cursed Moderation.

A Kentucky preacher, during a sermon, declared that, as a liberal-minded man, he could not favor prohibition. After services, a well-known man approached the preacher and said:

"Brother Cadlin, I was very sorry to hear you talk thater way durin' your sermon. We hired you here to preach the gosped, an' we was mightily in hopes that you would let fool issues alone."

"Why, my dear sir," said the preacher, "prohibition is not a fool issue. It is the lead ng question of the day, brother, and I am sorry to know that you are not interested in it."

"I am interested in it," the liberal-minded citizen replied.

"Then you undoubtedly believe that whiskey is bad only as it is abused."

"Oh, yes, I acknowledge that."

"Then why do you object to my speaking of its good when not abused?"

"Because, my dear sir, I am a manufacturer of jugs; and, with me, whisky in moderation is a curse, whereas by the jug it is a blessing. I have got six thousand jugs for sale, and the man that don't speak in favor of temperance is my commercial enemy."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

A Very Important Baby.

The city of Crefeld, in Rhenish Prussia, has for some time been in a flutter of expectation of its 100,000th inhabitant. "There prevails," says the *Crefeld Zeitung*, "a most unusual excitement as to who shall have the distinction of being the 100,000th. Look there, that youthful father running himself out of breath lest some other happy father should forestall him, in order to announce, all in a perspiration with the long run, the happy advent of the baby. The grinning register of births says to the poor, disappointed man, it was No. 99,999. Vivat sequens! The next father, sure to grasp the prize, comes running to the office. 'My baby is the 100,000th, sure he is.' 'You are mistaken again, sir. There were two deaths announced just now. Your baby is three less than 100,000.

In that way the struggle went on, but it could not last forever. "The time is at hand," says *The Zeitung*, "when the 100,000th Crefelder will be lying in his cradle—the man of the future, destined to see Crefeld one of the largest manufacturing and commercial centers of the world, dating her entry into the second hundred thousand inhabitants from the moment of his own birth."—*London Globe.*